PLEASING STORIES

FOR

GOOD CHILDREN.

WITH PICTURES.

BY A FRIEND TO YOUTH.

CINCINNATI:
TRUMAN AND SMITH.
150, Main Street.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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Elmira P. Gordet

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LITTLE JANE AND THE POOR MAN.

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GOOD CHILDREN.

LITTLE JANE AND THE POOR MAN.

THIS is little Jane Anderson and her sister. They have been out this morning to take a walk. As they were coming home they saw a poor man lying upon the ground. He was lame, and unable to walk. Jane and her sister felt very sorry for him, and when they were about leaving they gave him a few pennies which they had in their bags.—This was very kind in the little girls. We were glad to see them so willing to part with their pennies, that they might thus enable the old gentleman to buy a loaf of bread or some cake for his dinner. We ought always to be ready to supply the wants of the poor. We know not how soon

we ourselves may become poor, and need the aid of friends.

Did you ever learn the little hymn, which speaks about the poor? It is a beautiful hymn. We wish you and your little sisters to learn it by heart. Here it is—

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
  How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
  For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
  Yet God has given me more:
For I have food, while others starve,
  Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street,
  Half naked I behold!
While I am clothed from head to feet
  And covered from the cold.

While some poor creatures scarce can tell
  Where they may lay their head,
I have a home, wherein to dwell,
  And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
  And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
  And do thy holy will.

THE RUDE GIRL.

JANE JONES was a very rude girl. One morning she wished to visit one of her companions. As she came to the gate, she found it was locked. Instead of going into the house for the key, with which she might have unlocked it, and gone through without danger, she undertook to climb over the fence! In the picture on the next page, you can see her falling head foremost to the ground. If her neck is not broken, she may be very thankful.

How strange that children will ever be found climbing over fences! The falls and bruises of their companions seem not to warn them of the danger of it. We can scarcely pass through the streets without seeing some upon the fence tops. Had this little girl just taken warning by what she had seen the day before, it would now have been well with her. But the fall of her school mate she soon

THE RUDE GIRL.

forgot—sooner than she will forget the bruises she has now received.—Well, we hope that at least she will keep off from fence tops hereafter. It is really too bad for any girl to attempt to climb fences, and we are sure that none would wish to, after such a fall as Jane has had.

Jane was soon able to be about again: but O, what a face did she carry! Her cheeks were deeply scratched, and her nose was bruised almost to flatness. The little girls with whom she formerly played could hardly believe that it was Jane Jones, and although they loved her much they could but pity her. Jane was never afterwards seen upon a fence: O, no! she knew she had done wrong, and most carefully did she avoid going where she might get another fall.

THE CRUEL BOY.

THE CRUEL BOY.

Ah! here is John Stevens. He took the little kitten, almost as soon as it was born, and tied a string and a stone to its neck, and is now throwing it into the river. Poor thing! how it will agonize and try to get loose. But all will be in vain: the little kitten must drown.

And now, let us ask the little boy why he was led to such an act of cruelty. He makes no answer. Verily, we should think he would feel guilty, and certainly he looks heartily ashamed. We hope he will never again be found engaged in such an act. If he has no parents to teach him to do better, we pity him. But that is no excuse for doing wrong. We would advise him to go to school, and there improve his time, and learn to do better. We hope he will take our advice, and that we shall soon have the pleasure of hearing that he has become a better boy.

THE SCHOOL ROOM.

THE SCHOOL ROOM.

HERE are little heads well fill'd,
Some in learning greatly skill'd;
Yet examine every face,
Pleasure only you can trace.

YES, this is a school room, where little boys and girls are taught to spell, to read and to write. On the left hand side of the picture you may see the school master busily engaged in preparing the copy books for the boys. In the front part of the room you can see the monitor examining the writing of one of the boys. Thus the masters set a good example for industry. And we are glad to see the little boys ready to follow it. They also are all busily engaged in their studies. All! did we say? Alas! there are two who are mischievously playing. Do you not see them? We are sorry that they should be found breaking the rules of the school, while the other boys are studying their lessons, and improving their minds.

JANE THOMPSON.

JANE THOMPSON.

THIS is Jane Thompson; and I wish I could say that she was a good girl. But her looks and actions show that she is very far from being good. She is fretful and peevish, and when her mamma told her that it was time for little folks to go to bed, she began to whine and pout, and said she did not wish to go to bed then—she did not wish to go until nurse went.

No good child would have behaved in this manner, on being told that it was bed-time. Oh, no. Good children are ever ready to obey their parents, and cheerfully go to bed when their parents wish. What is there more lovely than an obedient child! Let every little girl and boy learn this beautiful verse. I will soon give you some others.

My father, my mother, I know
  I cannot your kindness repay;
But I hope, that as older I grow,
  I shall learn your commands to obey.

THE PASSIONATE BOY.

THE PASSIONATE BOY.

Ah, lack-a-day! what's the matter now? Mary took your knife to fix her doll, did she? Well, was there any thing very bad in that? Surely not. You are making a terrible noise about a very little matter.

Yes, because this little girl had used her brother's knife, he became very angry. And now you may see him violently throwing his sister's doll upon the floor. Already he has broken its little arms, which you can see scattered upon the floor. Ah, that is very wicked. No little boy or girl ever ought to get angry. It is a passion which "leads to clubs, and naked swords—to murder and to death."

Here is a little hymn which you may learn. We wish you to get it by heart; and whenever you are tempted to be angry, at least stop long enough to say it to the fourth verse. You will find it on the next page.

AGAINST GETTING ANGRY.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threatening words,
Which are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords;
To murder, and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
Till he had killed his brother.

The wise will make their anger coo,
At least, before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

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